

ON THE HURRICANE DECK....

New Orleans Times-Democrat: The other passengers had gone below to the stuffy state rooms, only to toss on heated pillows, while the mosquitoes did their worst.

It was 11 o'clock. Long ago the fat barber and the head waiter had taken their guitars and cracked voices into the Texas.

The Louisiana planter gave several vigorous and audible yawns; then he, too, went below to his torture.

The Martha B. Adams slowly and persistently puffed along up-stream with her cargo of sugar and molasses and sweetening humanity.

The hot day had reluctantly surrendered to the night, and now the scorched banks of the Ohio looked cool and silvery in the moonlight.

"It's too hot to try to sleep," said the girl in the White Pique.

"Don't apologize for staying. It isn't necessary. Forget your conscience for an hour. This is the last night, you know."

"Yes, I know," said the girl, thoughtfully.

The man put his chair with its back against the guard rail. He could see her better now.

The moon shone full in her face. Now and then her white face flashed in the moonlight as she brushed back a wind-blown curl.

She laughed uneasily. "It isn't a tragedy, is it?"

"Please don't. Of course it isn't to you. It's only an incident. To-morrow night you'll be telling your friends what an uncomfortable trip you had. The people on the boat were so uninteresting. But there was one very nice little man who brought you newspapers and fruit and magazines at the landings."

"You flatter yourself, I'm afraid," laughed the girl.

"Yes, I suppose I'm an idiot to even suppose that you would remember me the distance to the stageplank. But you needn't laugh."

Away from somewhere in the depths of the boat came the voices of roustabouts singing a wild negro melody. The pilot house with its lonely occupant—the great smokestack showing dark against the summer sky; the regular chug-chug of the big wheels—all the familiar things that had been so great a part of their lives for the past ten days now only reminded him again of the parting of their ways. He told himself that he knew just how it would be from the first.

Confound it all! Why didn't he bolt and go by rail instead of staying to have his feelings trampled upon by heartless girls? He would have been far safer in the smoking room of the limited.

"Do you know?"—the low, musical voice of the girl had roused him from his reverie—"I think it is almost better not to make new friends if one has to give them up at the very start."

The man's heart began to thump, and something seemed to be the matter with his head.

"Now, there is Mrs. Templeton"—the man ground his teeth—"she has been lovely to me, and I'm sure we could always be the best of friends. She has told me all about her mother and her brother in the navy. Her mother must be charming."

"To say nothing of the brother," the man mentally added.

"And now she—I mean her husband—has been ordered to Venezuela. She got the telegram to-day, and I know I'll never see her again."

"Poor little girl. You have your troubles, too, don't you?"

"Too?"

"Yes—too. You know I'm so sorry to part from that gentle barber, and the engineer, and the pilot."

"You needn't make fun of me. I am fond of Mr. Templeton."

"Pompador, complexion and all, I suppose."

"But she doesn't paint."

"Paint? Who said she painted?"

"If you're going to be horrid again to-night I'm going. Last night you pretended to think that I flirted with the boy who came on at Cairo. Just because I wasn't rude enough not to read that nasty book he lent me."

"Please—please—don't go. The man put his hand on the arm of the chair as if to detain her. "If you'll stay I'll try to stifle my grief about the barber. Won't you let me tell you about—about my brother, for instance?"

The girl looked away toward the Kentucky hills. After a while she leaned over and clasped her hands on the guard-rail. Then she looked up into his face and her voice was almost a whisper. "If you don't care—I'd rather you would tell me about yourself."

"Templeton is that the way you torture your victims?" he laughed. "Is that what you said to the little boy from Cairo?" Then his voice was lower. "I've been trying for a week not to tell you about myself. I've tried to make myself think that I didn't care—since you didn't. That I could talk with you day after day, and sit there at night under the stars and hear your voice; that I would be able to smile and say 'good-by' when the time came; and that the parting would be only the shadow of an hour. But I can't forget. Can't you see—can't you feel how impossible it is?"

The girl was not laughing now. "But—why must you forget?"

She had risen, and the blue eyes were looking down into his earnest, troubled face.

"Will you let me remember? And to-morrow will be only the beginning!"

He was standing very close to her now, but the blue eyes had dropped their gaze. He took both her hands in his strong clasp.

"Don't," she said. "The pilot is looking."

"I don't care if the whole Packet Company looks. I love you."

And the boat rolled on up the river with her cargo of sugar and molasses and sweetening humanity.

But the man and the girl forgot the heat and the mosquitoes.

The lieutenant yawned and moved his chair two feet to the right, where that confounded moon wouldn't stare so at him. Then he yawned again.

Why didn't they send some one else down there to clean streets and wipe the general's pen. Why didn't they mean? What were they thinking of?

Then he reflected that they were probably thinking of a hot-headed youth who had pleaded and begged, at most tenderly, to be allowed to go on one of the transports about to sail from Charleston on a certain May morning.

But that was all so long ago. He was glad he didn't know her then. He then perhaps if he had known her he would have come to him when he was in trouble. But, of course she couldn't have done that. Then he thought of that crowded transport; how they had suffered without knowing that they were suffering; how they had laughed

and joked among themselves, and told themselves that they enjoyed it all. Then he thought of the scorching days and the rainy nights that followed. That slippery hill. He never could remember what it was like at the top. Some one had told him all about it; but that wasn't like getting there yourself. He closed his eyes as he thought how cool the rain had felt that night as it splashed on the leaves overhead into his face. He remembered all about that night. What the surgeon had said about the wound, and how they had carried him back somewhere at daylight. But the next day and the next were not very clear in his mind. That must have been the fever.

The last is another story. Who wants to be a policeman?

The ship was carrying him on reluctantly. In the morning he would see a blue line over there to the left, then some palm trees—but he could see it all now, without waiting for the morning.

The lieutenant remembered that she had promised to write to him every day. He felt in his pocket for the letter she had given him to read on the way. He couldn't see to read it now, but he could think about it, for he knew it by heart.

He wondered how he had managed to be so happy before he had known her.

Somewhere near him a merry group was singing. Some one was playing chords on a guitar—chords that were not always chords.

"Now, brother," some one was saying, "sing 'She Was Bred in Old Kentucky.'"

The lieutenant growled to himself, but the brother sang.

Then the lieutenant could hear that low, musical voice again. He couldn't see the girl, but he found himself listening to her voice. Where had he heard it? It wasn't just his heart. She didn't drop her 'r's that way either. Where had he heard that voice? He was thinking rapidly. Just then the reporter came up and shook him.

"Wake up, old man. Come, and let me introduce you to a nice girl over here. She is going down to Havana with her brother and her mother."

The lieutenant stood up. He could see the group of singers now, sitting in the shadow. There was a man with a guitar. He wore a uniform. There were several young officers whom he recognized. There was a girl, she was a jaunty white reefer and a Tam o' Shanter surmounting a mass of fluffy hair.

He found himself bowing, and shaking hands, and the Reporter was saying something about Miss Somebody and Mr. Somebody and Mr. Somebody else. He had ceased to hear. He found himself sitting with his back to the railing, looking at the girl, trying to make out her face in the dimness. The lieutenant wasn't sure about that face—whether he had dreamed about it, or whether he had really known a girl who looked like that. He was trying to talk to her about Havana, but he was not thinking about Havana. He was trying to remember about that face.

Now and then the girl would push back a wind-blown curl, or would pull the Tam o' Shanter further forward.

"Why is it," she said, "that dark, rainy nights never remind us of other rainy nights? Now, a night like this always makes me think of other times and other places. Does it affect you that way?"

"Oh, we're soldiers. We don't get money," said her brother.

Then the girl began again: "Once I was rash enough to travel on an Ohio river steamboat. The days were horrible; but we had moonlight nights. After sunset I used to go up and sit on the hurricane deck and get cool."

The lieutenant moved closer to her. "There was a nice man on board," she went on, "and sometimes he used to stay up there and talk to me after the others had gone."

"What did he do, sis? Tell us about him. Did he make love to you?"

"Well—he forgot me."

"Showed wretched taste."

Then they all laughed. It was very late. The others had gone. The lieutenant and the reporter were alone.

"Lucky chap, that Ensign," mused the reporter.

"Ensign?"

"Yes. The fellow that girl is engaged to."

"So she's engaged, is she?"

"Yes."

And they both felt to thinking.

AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP

Captain Coghlan on the Subject of Hyphenated Americans.

Washington Star: The Star inquires to the full the observations of Captain Coghlan on the subject of hyphenated Americans.

They are strictly in line with some observations of its own, made several months ago, and in which, fortunately, appeared the phrase which this sturdy sailor also employs and emphasizes. The subject is reasonable at all times. A hyphenated citizenship is wholly un-American, wholly undesirable, and capable when pushed to an extreme of positive harm to the country.

There should be no such thing; and wherever it exists it ought to be instantly discarded for the genuinely undivided and indivisible article. Memoranda are being prepared on the subject, and no man will serve this country the better for dwelling on old attachments which have no root in or connection with the institutions and glory of America.

And we have an illustration hot from the griddle in the reunion celebration of the Rough Riders at Las Vegas. There was a pathetic sentiment, and the olden-day Protestants, Jews and Gentiles, foreign-born and native-born Americans in purposes, in spirit, in loyalty to the flag, neither race nor creed, but the effort of those who had taken the field for the United States. They fought the Spaniards because the Spaniards were the declared enemy. But had any other power intervened they would have fought it with like energy and enthusiasm.

Among the addresses delivered at Las Vegas yesterday was one by the editor of the Iowa State Capital, who, in concluding, said this:

"On the island of Cuba, when I saw the Stars of Victory marching beneath the flag which their fathers died to save and Sons of Confederates clothed in the same uniform, bearing their arms and marching under the same flag."

Stopped his Own Funeral.

New York Press: "Where are you going with that hearse?" said a man to a driver, who was about to start from Fagan's undertaking establishment, No. 1st Columbia street, Brooklyn, yesterday afternoon.

"I'm going to bury John McPartland," said the driver.

"Oh, no, you're not. You come down off that wagon and I'll show you I'm the liveliest dead man you ever tried to bury," said the man on the sidewalk.

"I'm John McPartland. The third night a man jumped into the excavation being made for a big building at Court and Jorison streets, and was killed. The third night, No. 1st Columbia street, and a brother-in-law gave orders to bury the body."

When McPartland, who had been away from home since Saturday, was told that he was about to be buried he hurried to the undertaker's to countermand the order. Although McPartland is alive and able to prove it, some one is dead, and the body is in the morgue.

WHAT'S the secret of happy, vigorous health? Simply keeping the bowels, the stomach, the liver and kidneys strong and active. Burdock Blood Purifier does it.

Does the Stomach Rule?

The warfare between the citizen and the stomach—Some pertinent suggestions.



depends on digestion. The stomach is a much abused organ. It is given the most unheeded of tasks and frequently rebels. There is inflammation of the mucous membrane lining the stomach—this is catarrh.

Stomach troubles are nearly all summed up in the word catarrh. Indigestion, that murderer of peace, is catarrh. Millions of people to-day are at odds with their stomachs; they have catarrh.

Like all catarrhal troubles indigestion has baffled science; the treatment has not been thorough. It is, however, fully established that a normal flow of blood through the mucous membrane makes it healthy and stops catarrh. The remedy that will do this cures every phase of catarrh and that remedy is Peruna.

Dr. Hartman's unvarying success for forty years demonstrates the scientific accuracy of his treatment of catarrh. Peruna is his remedy. It is a cure for catarrh that is permanent and certain. Nowhere is its success more marked than in overcoming stomach troubles. Mr. W. W. Strasser, 64 West Main St., Cory, Pa., writes as follows:

Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O.

"Dear Sir:—I suffered with catarrhal dyspepsia. I had tried three of the best physicians in Indiana county, and spent a great deal of money all to no effect. My friends said I could not get well; I had about given up all earthly hopes; I weighed 130 pounds. I accidentally saw the name Peruna; I immediately commenced taking it and continued taking it until I had taken twelve bottles. I then weighed 180 pounds and never felt better in my life. I am a walking monument of the virtues of your Peruna."

Thousands of people have catarrh and don't know it. Diarrhea is catarrh of the bowels. Get Dr. Hartman's free books; they are mailed on application. Special book for women. All druggists sell Peruna.

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LABIES CAN WEAR SHOES

One size smaller after Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder like shaken into the shoe. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy; it cures itching, red, raw and burning feet. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Comes swollen feet, blisters and callosities. Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for ingrowing nails, sweating, itching feet. At all druggists and shoe stores. See that package with a picture of a foot.

PRESIDENT'S ORDER

Modifying Civil Service Regulations. Why It Was Done—Some Professional Reformers Shown up.

W. E. Curtis in the Chicago Record: In discussing the order of the President modifying the civil service regulations it should be remembered that it was made upon the recommendation of several of his cabinet officers after two years of practical experience—men who stand as high for honesty, integrity, intelligence and business capacity as any citizen of the United States. They are the real friends of civil service reform. They are not theorists, but men of practical common sense. They have not spent their lives in theorizing, but in actual practice. Their love of country, their anxiety for pure government and their efforts for an efficient civil service are just as great as those of the enthusiasts who meet in conventions and adopt resolutions advocating this and denouncing that without any knowledge or experience.

If the sensible citizens of this world were to elect a man to take charge of a great business enterprise, Carl Schurz, Charles J. Bonaparte, William Dudley Foulke, E. L. Godkin, Edward Atkinson, R. R. Bowker, the editor of the New York Nation, and other great reformers would not receive a vote. But men of the ability and experience of Cornelius N. Bliss and Lyman J. Gage would be selected.

I do not believe that anybody of sound mind would say that Carl Schurz had any higher patriotism or any clearer appreciation of the practical science of government than Cornelius N. Bliss. As an agitator Mr. Schurz has been a success on two hemispheres; as a secretary of the interior he was the most conspicuous failure that had ever been seen in Washington.

Cornelius N. Bliss is one of the great business men of this country. He began as an office boy in a wholesale dry goods house in Boston, without capital or other advantages. After thirty years of remarkable success he commands the cotton trade of the United States and is universally recognized as one of the most honorable and able business men of this country. His mere promise will be accepted at any bank or any manufacturing corporation or any business house in the United States or Great Britain. It is not necessary for him to write his name or sign a contract or give a bond. His word is always sufficient. Any experienced clerk or official of the interior department, any member of Congress who is familiar with his affairs, any contractor who has business with that branch of the government will tell you that Mr. Bliss was the most successful secretary of the interior they had ever known and that Mr. Schurz was the worst. Mr. Schurz introduced many new ideas of his own and applied some of his favorite theories of government, but they were miserable failures and created confusion and caused the useless expenditure of large sums of money. Mr. Bliss reorganized the department on a business basis. He brought into the executive chair a most valuable experience and ability. He strengthened the weak spots and reformed the inefficient and awkward methods, abolished useless offices, cut down expenses and increased the efficiency of the service to a greater degree than was ever done by any of his predecessors. Mr. Bliss was not seeking reputation or working for a salary. From motives of patriotism he sacrificed a life of comparative leisure and luxury to work twelve and fifteen hours a day for the government and paid his whole salary for house rent.

The changes which the President has made in the civil service organization were recommended by Mr. Bliss after the experience of two years, as necessary to the efficiency of the service. They are opposed by Mr. Schurz because they do not conform to his theories. If you will ask a vote of confidence in the judgment of these two men from the business community of New York, Chicago or any other city, Mr. Schurz will not get enough votes to count, and yet many people who would not trust Mr. Schurz for a moment with the management of their business affairs are now approving his criticisms of the recommendations made by Mr. Bliss.

As an illustration let me relate one little story in the experience of Mr. Bliss as secretary of the interior. After he had been in office for some time he called for the resignation of a certain official. A committee of the civil service reform league came rushing into Washington by the first train. Telegrams and letters of protest showered upon him. Certain newspapers declared that he had become the tool of the apollomen. When the committee called upon Mr. Bliss he listened patiently, and then asked if any of the number had ever had personal knowledge of the ability and efficiency of the official in question. Everyone was compelled to admit that he had not; but it had been represented to him that an

efficient and faithful servant was being "removed for political reasons."

"Who makes that representation?" asked Mr. Bliss.

Nobody knew; the committee had come to Washington at the request of the official in question, who had himself informed them of the facts of the case.

"Well, gentlemen," replied Mr. Bliss, "I have tolerated this man for a year, and he has exhausted my patience. He is perhaps the most incompetent man holding an important position under my jurisdiction. He is not only incompetent himself, but he has appointed his wife as his private secretary and his son as one of his assistants, in violation of the civil service rules, and both of them are still more incompetent than he. His wife has never done anything, so far as I can learn, to earn her salary, and the son is utterly worthless. I have instructed him over and over again to remove them and appoint competent eligibles from the civil service list in their places, but he has refused to do so. He is insubordinate as well as incompetent, and if you will take the trouble to make an inquiry you will find out that I actually deserve censure for tolerating him as long as I have. I have given the public no reason for calling for his resignation, in order to protect his reputation and shield him from criticism, and now you gentlemen come here to protest against an official act which you know nothing about, and one which is entirely for the benefit of the government."

The committee made a brief inquiry, withdrew its protest and went home.

I have selected Mr. Bliss and Mr. Schurz for the purpose of comparison, because both are well known throughout the country and both have occupied the office of secretary of the interior. I might make a similar comparison between Mr. Gage and Mr. Carlisle. The civil service regulations were never violated so often, so openly and so generally in the treasury or any other department as during the administration of Mr. Carlisle. They have never been observed so conscientiously as during the administration of Mr. Gage. Mr. Carlisle was a failure as an administrative officer. Mr. Gage is a great success, as he was in private life. Mr. Carlisle endorsed the rules of the civil service commission and violated them. Mr. Gage observes them, but points out their defects and asks to have them corrected. Which policy is right?

Little Bills of the Rich.

Harper's Weekly: At the annual dinner of the north side board of trade the other night Mr. James G. Cannon, of the Fourth National Bank, preached an interesting after-dinner sermon on the culpable neglect of well-to-do persons to pay their bills. He raised his voice in behalf of the butcher, the grocer, the dressmaker, the doctor, the dentist, the tradesman—of all who supply our daily needs and keep the household wheels turning. He said that the prompt payment of obligations to such creditors was a duty that was scandalously neglected, to the derangement of business, to the distress of individuals and the detriment of the whole community.

Persons who hadn't the money to pay their honest debts he sorrowed for, but persons who had the money and didn't pay he denounced. He told of the dressmaker who tried to throw herself under the elevated train because she couldn't pay her bills, and who turned out to have been a millionaire. He told of the hotelier who had been ruined by a small way who failed, having \$5,000 due him for groceries from one family and \$10,000 from another. He told of that lived on Fifth avenue, who owed her dressmaker \$150, paid \$50 on account and went to Europe, leaving the balance until fall and leaving the dressmaker to disfigure her shifts meantime. He told also of the physician whose bill went unpaid so very long that at last he reconstructed, and the lady told him she had the money for it three times from her husband, but had put it each time to other uses.

Every one hears of cases of persons who ought to pay their bills, and could pay them, choose and don't. They are very selfish persons. We are all selfish when we keep people who need the money we owe them waiting while we indulge ourselves in expenditures which we ought not to make.

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They have only a limited number of sets, however, and if interested, you should investigate at once.

IT is a natural sparkling wine produced in America under the supervision of expert wine makers. Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne.

Each of the entrances to the main building is flanked by pediments, in which are groups of statuary, representing various entrances of all of the buildings contain heroic figures, symbolizing various aspects of manufacture and commerce. The walls of the main building are covered with a coating of white "stucco" and the cornices are made of the same material. Around the roof runs an iron balustrade of rich design and from the numerous staffs on the roof float the flags of all the nations who will be represented in the